

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By Blakely & Martin.

JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1862.

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and 8th streets.

BECKER, WM., City Bakery and Confection-
ary, Washington street, bet'n 6th and 7th.

BECKERS, M., Painter and Glazier, corner
Washington and Seventh.

CLASPER, JOHN, Boot and Shoe Maker, Wash-
ington street, between 7th and 8th.

COBB, EDWARD, Builder and Architect, cor-
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DREW, F. P., Physician and Surgeon. Office
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**GROSS & THIELE, Cabinet Makers and
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Groceries, corner 7th and Washington.

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MITCHELL, D., Surveyor and Civil Engi-
neer, Washington street above Seventh.

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site the Park.

MONROE, WILLIAM, Stone Cutter and
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MAY, CHARLES, Brick Mason, Washington
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MARVIN, FRED E., Sawyer, corner Seventh
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ODLIN, WOODBRIDGE, Attorney at Law,
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Building, Washington street.

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Washington street, below Seventh.

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street, below 8th.

EDWARD W. SEYMOUR, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN; SURGEON;
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all the popular monthly Magazines, for
sale at the
CITY DRUG STORE.

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FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

General Miscellany.

FIRE-DOOMED CITIES.

In connection with the burning of Charle-

ston, an article on "Fire-Doomed Cities,"

copied into Bidwell's *Electric* from *The*

Leisure Hour, is just now particularly

timely. It appears that of all cities, an-

cient and modern, Moscow has suffered the

most fearfully from fire. In 1536 it was

nearly consumed, and two thousand persons

perished. But this calamity was trifling to

the dismal catastrophe of 1571, when be-

lieguered by the Tartars.

They fired the suburbs, and a furious

wind carried the flames into the heart of

the city, which the inhabitants could not

quit except to die by the sword. A Dutch

merchant who was present at the scene, and

whose account is preserved in the Harleian

MSS., speaks of the event as like a storm

of fire, owing not only to the wind, but to

the streets being "paved with great fire

bricks set close together, oily and resinous,"

while the houses were of the same material.

Thousands of the country people had taken

refuge in the city from the public enemy.

The poor creatures ran into the market

place and were "all roasted there, in such

sort that the tallest man seemed but a

child, so much had the fire contracted their

limbs—a thing more hideous and frightful

than any can imagine." "The persons,"

he adds, "that were burnt in this fire were

above two hundred thousand."

A still more stupendous conflagration was

the burning of Moscow in 1812, owing to

its increased extent. If attended with fewer

horrors, they were sufficiently rife for all

who could not fly—the sick, infirm and

wounded—inevitably perished. Upon the

approach of the French invaders, and the

loss of the great battle of Borodino, it was

determined to abandon the old capital of

the Czars; and on Sunday, September

15th, its three hundred thousand inhabi-

tants were suddenly aroused from a sense

of security by a peremptory order to quit their

houses, while the Russian army of defence

fled through the midst of them in full

retreat. On the morrow the officers of the

government and the police withdrew; the

prisons were thrown open; and none were

left but the incapable and those who re-

mained to execute the secret orders of the

authorities. In the evening the enemy

entered. Not a Muscovite was to be seen.

The city was deserted.

Scarcely were the French established in

their new quarters when smoke and flames

were observed issuing from houses closely

shut up in different districts. By Tuesday

evening the 17th, the fires had assumed a

menacing aspect, distracting by their num-

ber the efforts made to quench them, while

a high wind rapidly connected them with

each other, and wrapped Moscow in a sheet

of flame. Midnight was rendered as bright

as day, for Damas could read the dispatches

forwarded to him by the light of the burn-

ing metropolis.

Thirty thousand houses, seven thousand

principal edifices, and fourteen thousand

inferior structures were reduced to ashes.

The private loss is supposed to have ex-

ceeded thirty millions sterling. "Palaces

and temples," writes Karamain, the Rus-

sian historian, "monuments of art and

miracles of luxury; the remains of past

ages, and those which had been the creation

of yesterday; the tombs of ancestors and

the nursery cradles of the present genera-

tion were indiscriminately destroyed."

New York has many a fearful conflagra-

tion inscribed on its annals. The greatest

was that of 1835, which many of our citi-

zens yet vividly remember. It broke out

on a bitter December night, and raged

three days before it could be stayed, com-

pletely laying waste the business part of

the city, consuming six hundred and forty-

eight houses and stores, with \$18,000,000

worth of property; nor was it stopped until

buildings were, by the order of the mayor,

blown up with gun powder. In 1845

occurred another great fire, which, though

happily inferior to that of 1835, yet did

immense damage, laying waste the entire

district between the eastern side of Broad

street and Broadway.

London, as the largest city in the world,

has afforded material for some tremendous

conflagrations. Of all the London fires,

that of 1666—the great fire as it is termed

in history—is the most celebrated.

It broke out early in the morning of

Sunday, September 2d, 1666, close to the

present monument, and raged for four days

and four nights with unabated fury. Every

thing favored the progress of the devouring

elements. The dwellings were generally of

wood, pitched on the outside; the roofs

were thatched; the streets were narrow;

the upper stories of the houses projected so

as nearly to touch each other; the wood

was dry and combustible; owing to the heat

and drought of the preceding month; and

at the same time the wind blew furiously

from the east. Thus aided, the fire king

marched victoriously from east to west, and

took possession of more than four hundred

acres of ground. He made a meal of four

hundred streets and lanes, thirteen thousand

houses, and gormandized over ten to

fifteen millions of private property. His

course was only arrested when the wind

abated, and an immense gap was made by

blowing up the buildings in the path of the

flames.

Constantinople, the city of the Sultan,

occupies a prominent place among the list

of fire doomed cities. There was a conflagra-

tion in 1720, which consumed twelve

thousand houses and seven thousand per-

sons; at another in 1745, six thousand

lives were lost. Other destructive fires

occurred in 1771 and 1756; while another

in 1791 destroyed thirty thousand dwellings

and nearly eight thousand people.

Copenhagen has suffered greatly from

fire. It was three times burnt almost to

the ground, and during the bombardment

of 1807 a fire broke out by which four

thousand lives were lost. Indeed, at the

present day there is not more than a dozen

ancient houses in the Danish capital.

Quebec has suffered severely from fire;

and, at the last extensive conflagration there,

two thirds of the city was destroyed.

The Mule Driver and General Nelson.

Our boys are furious for practical jokes,

and are constantly on the look-out for sub-

jects. One was recently procured in the

person of a new teamster, who had the

charge of six large shaggy mules. John

was also the proprietor of two bottles of

old Bourbon—a contraband in camp—

which a wag discovered, and resolved to

possess. Being aware that the driver's

presence was an impediment to the theft,

he hit upon the following plan to get rid

of him.

Approaching the driver, who was busy

currying his mules, he accosted him with:

"I say, old fellow, what are you doing

there?"

"Can't you see?" replied Jehu gruffly.

"Certainly," responded the wag, "but

that is not your business. It is after

tattoo, and there is a fellow hired here by

the General, who carries all the mules and

horses brought in after tattoo."

The mule driver bit at once, and wanted

to know where the "hair-dresser" kept

himself. Whereupon he was directed to

General Nelson's tent, with the assurance

that there was where the fellow hung out.

"You can't mistake the man," said wag,

"he is a large fellow, and puts on a thun-

dering sight of airs for a man in his busi-

ness. He will probably refuse to do it, and

tell you to go to the devil; but don't mind

that, he has been drinking to day. Make

him come out, sure."

John posted off, and entering the tent

where our Napoleon of the Fourth Division

sat in deep reverie, probably considering

the most expeditious method of expelling

the rebel Buckner from his native State,

slapped him on the back with force suffi-

cient to annihilate a man of ordinary size.

Springing to his feet, the General accosted

his uninvited guest with, "Well, sir, who

are you, and what the devil do you want?"

"Old boss, I've got a job for you now—

six mules to be curried, and right off, too,"

said the captain of mules, nothing daunted

at the flashing eye of the General.

"Do you know whom you are addressing,

sir?" asked the indignant commander.

"Yes," said John, elevating his voice to

a pitch which rendered the words audible a

square off, "you are the fellow hired by

Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't

have any foolishness. Clean them mules,

and I'll give you a drink of bushhead."

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the

General, now perfectly furious, "I am Gen-

eral Nelson, commander of this division."

John placed the thumb of his right hand

against his nose, and extending his fingers,

waved them slowly, in a manner supposed

by some to be indicative of great wisdom.

The General's sword leaped from its scab-

bard, and John from the tent just in time

to save his head.

Our boys drank the "big mule driver's"

health in the Bourbon. The story soon got

out, and is now the joke of the season.

"I have great confidence," says Dr.